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RELIGION  
AND  
PHILOSOPHY:

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T A L E.

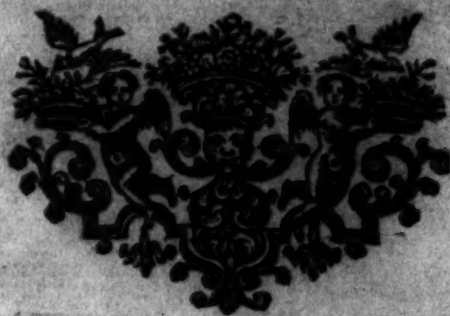
WITH  
Five other PIECES.

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By Major PACK.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for E. CURLL in Fleetstreet. M.DCC.XX.  
(Price 6d.)

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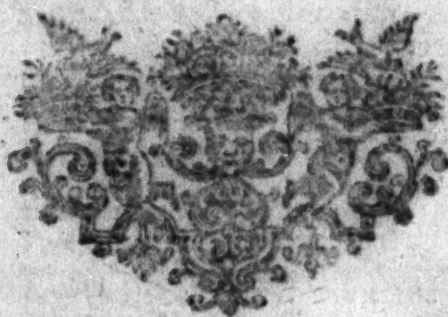


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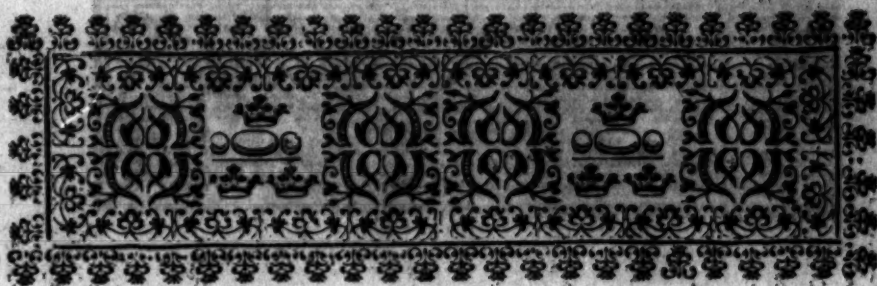
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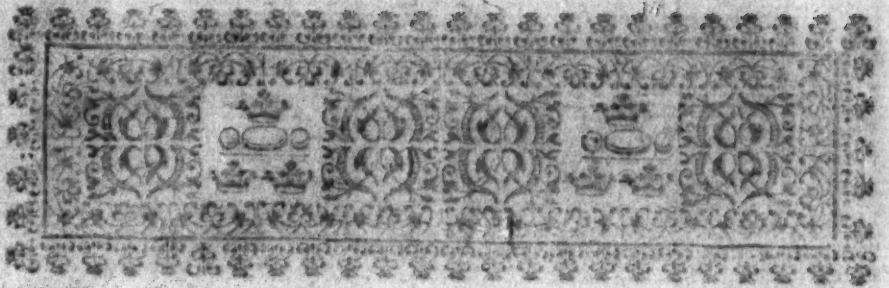


## Advertisement.

**T**HE Epilogue to the Spartan Dame having been printed with that Play, and the Song being set to Musick, I intreated the Favour of the Author to have leave to Print them in the same Size with his other Miscellanies; and to which he has been pleased to add the Four other Pieces hereunto subjoined.

The Reader is desired to correct an Oversight committed in the Title of the second Copy of Verses, thus; instead of Earl, read Duke of Greenwich.





## Advertisement.

THE Epilogue to the Spanish Damsel  
 having been printed with that  
 Play, and the Song being set to Music,  
 I intreated the Favour of the Author to  
 have leave to Print them in the same  
 Size with his other Miscellanies; and to  
 which he has been pleased to add the  
 Four other Pieces herewith joyned.

The Reader is desired to correct an  
 Oversight committed in the Title of the  
 second Copy of Verses, above; instead of  
 Earl, read Duke of Greenwich.





# RELIGION

## AND PHILOSOPHY.

### A TALE.

**I**RIS, a tender soft believing Maid,  
By too much Easiness to Vice betray'd,  
Lamenting now the fleeting Pleasure lost,  
Her Beauty faded, and her Wishes crost ;

B

With

With Shame reflects on all her Wand'rings past,  
And fain would fix in *Virtue's* Seat at last:

Abjures the WORLD; and, in her sable Veil,  
Learns to look solemn, and devoutly rail:

But, finding still strong Conflicts in her Heart,  
From Nature struggling with the Pow'r of Art,  
Lives an odd Mixture of *Coquet* and *Prude*,

Awkardly Pious, and Demurely Lewd.

HER perjur'd Rover, whom *Ambition* fir'd,  
(*Glory* the Swain, and *Love* the Nymph inspir'd)  
The Gay PHILAUTUS, had forsook the Plain,  
Seduc'd by Hopes of *Honour* and of *Gain*;  
Proud to be thought a Wretched Tool of State,  
Indulg'd his Vanity, and urg'd his Fate;

Till

Till seeing *Chance*, not *Worth*, decide the Prize,  
 Just *Patriots* fall, and artful *Villains* rise,  
 He flies the COURT, and all its gilded Snares;  
 And seeks some *humble Spot*, remote from *Cares*:  
 Yet, whilst he meditates this wise *Retreat*,  
 Envy, I know not how, those Fools *The Great*;  
 And, under all his self-denying Grace,  
 Still feels a secret Passion for a *Place*.

Dull are our *Maxims*! False our grave *Pretence*!  
 REASON, at last, will prove the *Dupe* of SENSE.  
 Our *Age* is influenc'd as our *Youth* inclin'd,  
 And the same *Byass* always rules the Mind.







To His GRACE the  
Earl of GREENWICH,

UPON

*Reading the following Lines in*  
**his PATENT.**



UM Viri illius, cui novos hisce  
Literis Patentibus Titulos de-  
cerimus, & egregia in Nos  
Patriamque suam merita, & illustre  
Genus, & Majorum res gesta, *Historia-*  
*rum*

*rum monumentis celebrata, satis incla-  
ruerint, (quibus rationibus adducti su-  
mus eum summo inter Proceres honore  
dignari) nil opus est pluribus recensere :  
ergo, &c.*

**M**Indless of Fate in these low vile Abodes,  
**M**AD MEN have oft usurp'd the *Style* of **G**ODS.  
 But, that the **M**ORTAL might be thought **D**IVINE,  
 The **H**ERALD strait new-modell'd all the **L**INE;  
 Or venal **P**RIEST, with well-dissembled **L**yc,  
*Præambled* to the **C**roud the *Mimick* **D**EITY.  
 Not so Great **S**ATURN'S Son, Imperial **J**OVE,  
**H**E reigns *unquestion'd* in the **R**ealms above.  
 No Title from *Descent* **H**E need infer;  
 His *Red Right-Arm* proclaims the **T**HUNDERER.

Such,

Such justly be thy Pride, Illustrious Peer!  
 Alike, You shine *unrivall'd* in your Sphere:  
 All *Merit* but your *own* You may disdain;  
 And **KINGS** have been **YOUR ANCESTORS** in *vain*.



*M*illions of Fate in these low vile Abodes,  
*M*ad men have not stirr'd the Style of Gods.  
 But what the *Mortal* might be thought Divine,  
 The *Heavenly* power would still be the same;  
 Or vernal *Life*,  
 Fram'd in the *Earthly* *Fortune*.  
 Not so Great *Saturn*, on Imperial Jove,  
 He reigns unquestion'd in the Realm above.  
 No Title from *Descent* He need infer;  
 His *Red Right Arm* proclaims the Thunderer.





S O N G :

Set to MUSICK

By *Mr. Rosengraefe.*

I.

**T**ELL me, tender Youths, who languish  
For some Fair Disdainful She,  
If you feel the cruel Anguish,  
That afflicts and tortures Me.

II.

II.

Are your Sighs in Tempests rising?

Do your Tears in Torrents flow?

Doth the Nymph, your Grief despising,

Falsely smile, to mock your Woe?

III.

Lo on raging Billows tossing,

Just in Prospect of the Coast,

Hidden Rocks my Passage crossing,

Me poor shipwreck'd Lover lost!





# FRAGMENT

## LETTER

**W**HEN GLORY doth the HERO's Bosom fire,  
 How *sweet* is HOPE ! how *gay* is young DESIRE !  
 Of all those INSTINCTS which to MAN are given,  
 AMBITION seems the *loudest* Call of HEAVEN:  
 Indulge then, FRIEND, thy noble Thirst of FAME,  
 Nor let vain Fears thy gen'rous Ardour tame.



Who would live always *dully* on the SHORE,  
 That might the *Wonders* of the DEEP explore?  
 Down the *strong Current* let us *swiftly* glide;  
 Spread all our *Sails*, and aid the swelling *Tide* !  
 If *Rocks* appear, or sudden *Tempests* rise,  
 With *Pilot* REASON gravely we'll advise ;  
 By her *Directions* steer the doubtful *Course* ;  
 Here use our *Skill*, or there employ our *Force*.  
 Yet ne'er *Despair*, though every *Planet* lowr,  
 But trust to FORTUNE for some *smiling Hour*.  
 Each bold ADVENT'ERER will a *Season* find  
 When that Coy MISTRESS of the World is *Kind*.  
 The *faint Addresses* of the *Bashful* fail,  
 But the *Home-pusher* always will prevail.  
 Thus, oft repuls'd, a YOUTH who long had born  
 With *humble Awe* his haughty FAIR-ONE'S Scorn,

( II )

At length with *Lust* and *Indignation* fir'd,  
Resolv'd to gain by *Force* what He desir'd;  
And *rushing* on with *Fury* to her Arms,  
In wild Disorder *rifled* all her Charms.

The NYMPH was *pleas'd*; the LOVER was *restor'd*;  
And from her SLAVE in time became her LORD.

O T





# EPILOGUE

T O

*Mr. Southern's Spartan Dame:*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

**O**UR Author's *Muse* a numerous Issue boasts;  
And many of the Daughters have been *Toasts*.  
She who now last appears upon the Stage,  
(The Hopes and Joy of his declining Age)

With



With modest Fears, a cens'ring World to shun;  
 Retir'd a while, and liv'd conceal'd a Nun:  
 At length, releas'd from that Restraint, the Dame  
 Trusts to the Town her Fortune and her Fame.  
 Absence and Time have lost her many Friends,  
 But *this bright Circle* makes her large Amends.  
 To You, *Fair Judges*, She submits her Cause;  
 Nor doubts, if *You* approve, the *Mens* Applause.  
 Some *fallen formal Rogue* perhaps may lour,  
 (REBEL to *Female*, as to *Royal Power*)  
 But all the *Gay*, the *Gallant*, and the *Great*,  
 On *Beauty's* Standard with *Ambition* wait.  
 Glory is vain, where *Love* has had no part:  
 The *Post* of *Honour* is a *Woman's* Heart.  
 Ev'n *Chains* are *Ornaments*, that *You* bestow;  
 The more your *Slaves*, the *Prouder* still we grow.

MAN,

MAN, a rough Creature, *savage-form'd and rude,*  
 By YOU to gentler *Manners* is subdu'd :  
 In the *sweet Habitude* we grow refin'd,  
 And polish *Strength* with *Elegance* of *Mind*.  
 OUR SEX may represent the *bolder Powers*;  
 The *Graces*, *Muses*, and the *Virtues*, YOURS.

BUT ah ! 'tis pity, that for want of *Care*,  
*Madmen* and *Fops* your *Bounty* sometimes share;  
*Wretches* in *Wit's* despiht and *Nature's* born,  
 Beneath your *Favour*, nay, below your *Scorn*.  
 May poor *CELONA's* Wrongs a *Warning* prove,  
 And teach the *FAIR* with *Dignity* to *Love*.  
 Let *Wealth* ne'er tempt you to abandon *Sense*;  
 Nor *Knaves* seduce you with their *grave Pretence*.

Be

Be vile *Profaneness* ever in disgrace ;  
 And *Vice* abhor'd, as *Treacherous* and *Base*.  
*Revere Yourself*; and, conscious of your Charms,  
 Receive no *Demon* to an *Angel's* Arms.  
*Success* can then alone your *Vows* attend,  
 When *Worth's* the *Motive*, *Constancy* the *End*.





AN  
 EXPOSTULATION  
 WITH AN  
 ACQUAINTANCE,  
*Who was going to Marry an  
 Old Rich PARSON.*

AND hath my Lovely Perjur'd CLOE swore,  
 That I must never, never meet her more?

Is there no kind *Propension* in your Heart,

That stirs to take your injur'd STREPHON's part?

Yes,

Yes, yes, Methinks, thro' all This forc'd Disguise  
 I see your Soul debating in your Eyes.  
 PRUDENCE in vain would INCLINATION hide:  
 When Love lies *Passing* underneath your PRIDE.  
 WEDLOCK, you say, will all This Conflict end—  
 And, for a HUSBAND could You quit a FRIEND?  
 Cold are the Comforts of That MARRIAGE-BED  
 Where Interest only Tempts the BRIDE to Wed  
 Canst Thou, now Youth doth every Sense invite  
 To Flow'ry Paths of daily-new Delight;  
 Renounce at once the Court, the Park, and Play;  
 The Pleasures of the Night, and Scandal of the Day?  
 With tedious Sermons have thy Patience vex,  
 While your Head rambles on another Text?  
 Or, when soft Harmony might Charm thy Ear,  
 STERNHOLD'S vile Psalms in viler Consorts hear?

2 1 M 1 7

Live

Live thus *Unkind* to Most, *Despised* by Some,  
 Abroad. *Unhappy*, and *Distress'd* at Home? *Alas!*  
 No, no, You'd soon Lament your *alter'd State*,  
*Wish* a *fresh Change*, but *Wish* perhaps too late.  
 Think then *Believe*, ere yet You are *Undone*; *W*  
 Nor put these *Matrimonial Fetters* on. *And* for  
 But if, howe'er, Your *PARENTS* have *Decreed*,  
 To join You with this *REV'REND INVALID*, *W*  
*Nature* may still *Co-operate* with *GRADE*, *C*  
 And some *sound CURATE* fill the *RECTOR'S Place*.

Renounce at once the Court, the Park, and Play;  
 The Pleasures of the and Scandal of the Day;  
 Which ted  
 While your H  
 Or, when left Home, might Charm thy Bar,  
 28 MR 59  
 STERNHOLDS wife's Plume in other Consort's hair?

F I N I S

Live





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## CONTENTS.

**R**eligion and Philosophy, a Tale. pag. 1

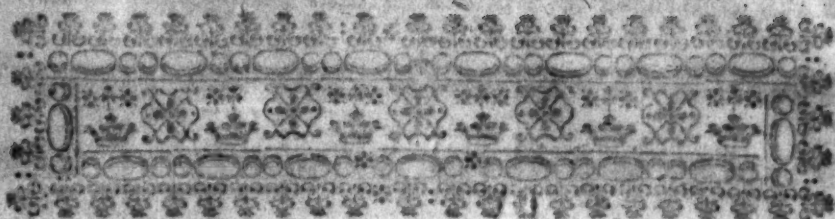
To his Grace the Duke of Greenwich, upon reading  
some Lines in his Patent.

Song, set to Musick by Mr. Rosengraefe. 7

Fragment of a Letter. 9

Epilogue to Mr. Southern's Spartan Dame : Spoken  
by Mr. Wilks. 12

An Expostulation with an Acquaintance, who was  
going to marry an Old Rich Parson. 16



Lately Printed for E. CURLL; the following Books:  
*viz.*

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